Joans Sorrowful Lamenta-

tion to ROGER,

Who ſhe thought was going to leave her and Marry *Kate*; together with *Rogers* kind Anſwer, which gave her great ſatisfaction.

Tune is, *The Spinning-Wheel.* *Licenſed according to Order.*

AS Jone was walking o'ze the Green,
ſhe met young Roger brisk and gay,
As ſoon as he by her was ſeen,
with melting Eyes ſhe thus did ſay:
Why do you ſtrive to baffle me,
Am I not Fleſh and Blood, ſaid ſhe.

I heard of late, you Courted Kate,
and vow'd that ſhe ſhould be your Bride,
Why do you ſerve me at this rate,
my Flames I can no longer hide:
A Twelve-month you have courted me,
For I am fleſh and blood, ſaid ſhe.

I hear you gave her Cakes and Ale,
with many other pleaſant toys;
While I my ſorrows do bewail,
as being robb'd of all thoſe joys:
Come, Roger, this muſt never be,
For I am fleſh and blood, ſaid ſhe.

You promis'd her a Wedding-Ring,
nay gave her huggs and kiſſes ſtore,
Saying you had a better thing,
but that you promis'd me before:
I can't forget your Villany,
For I am fleſh and blood, ſays ſhe.

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I Was your Fellow-servant long,
and lov'd you too it is well known;
How can you then in Conscience wrong
your dear intire sweet-heart Joan?
Have some regard to pitty me,
For I am flesh and blood, said she.

When I fed you with Curds and Cream,
and you did likewise kindness show:
I then, alas, did little Dream
that ever you'd a serv'd me so:
But now vouchsafe to pitty me,
For I am flesh and blood, said she.

Last Easter you did swear and vow
you'd prove to me an honest Man;
I put this to your conscience now,
deny it, Roger, if you can:
Why are you then unkind to me,
Am I not flesh and blood, says she.

By Night I sigh, instead of sleep,
my heart is so with grief oppress,
While you her company do keep,
alas, it breaks me of my rest:
Come, Roger, this must never be,
For I am flesh and blood, said she.

At length young Roger thus reply'd,
I will be true to thee alone;
And if I ever wed a Bride,
it shall be thee my sweet-heart Joan:
Now dry up all thy tears, said he,
For I love none alive but thee.

My Dear, this is a false report,
which some has rais'd to make thee grieve
But I no other Lass did court,
if that my word you will believe;
Then dry up all thy tears, said he,
For I love none alive but thee.

It is not Kate that shall deprive
my Jewel of her constant Love:
Nor ne'e another Lass alive,
for I will ever constant prove:
Appoint the Day, we'll Marry'd be,
For I love none alive but thee.

FINIS.

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